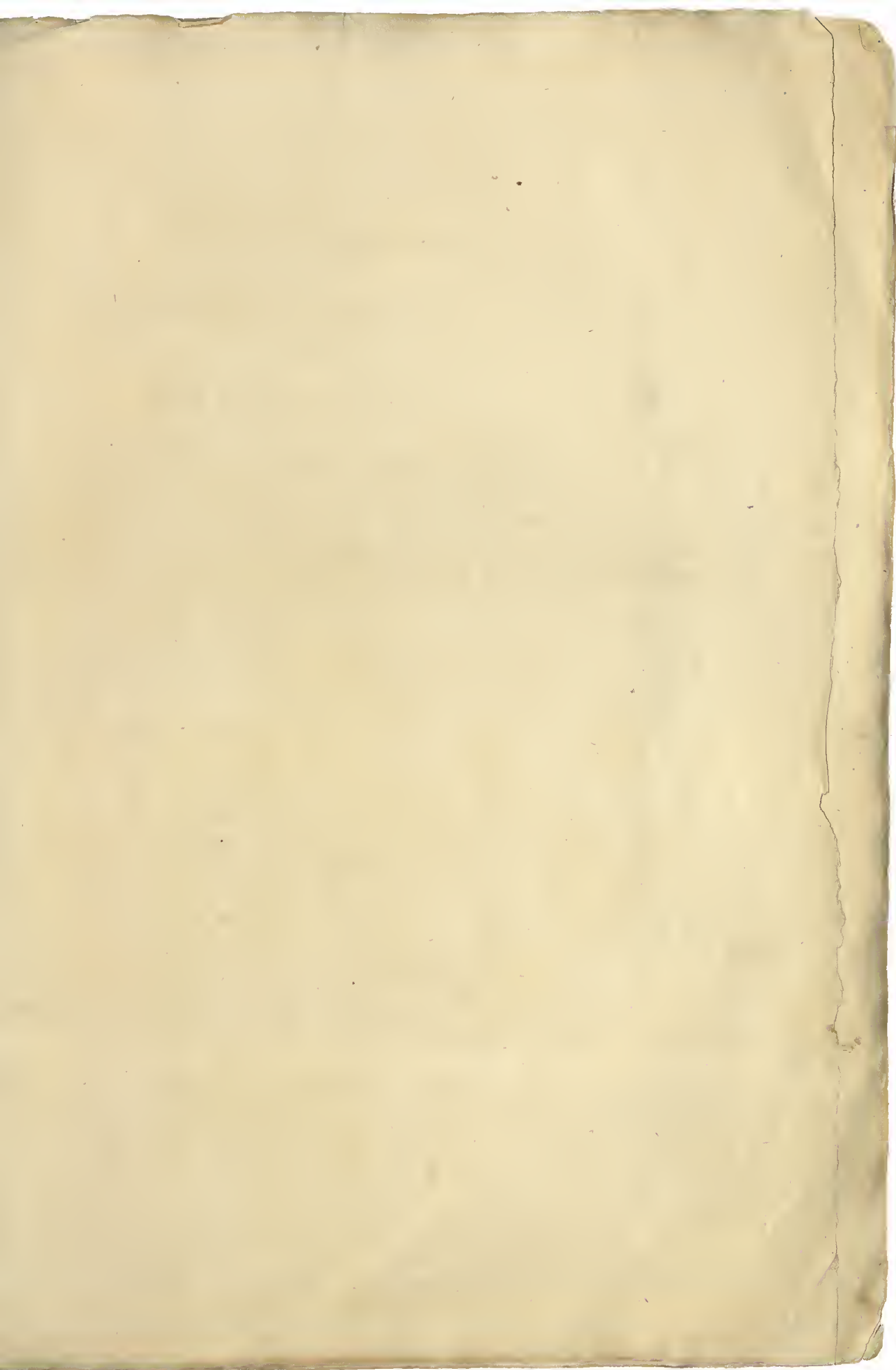




THE MAID THAT TENDS THE GOATS.

Up amang yon cliffy rocks,
 Sweetly rings the rising echo,
 To the maid that tends the goats,
 Liltin'g o'er her native notes.
 Hark, she sings, "Young SANDIE's kind,
 "And he's promis'd ay to lo'e me,
 "Here's a brotch I ne'er shall tyne,
 "Till he's fairly married to me;
 "Drive away, ye drone time,
 "An' bring about our bridal day.

"SANDIE herds a flock o' sheep,
 "Aften does he blaw the whistle,
 "In a strain sae saftly sweet,
 "Lammies list'nin', dare na bleat:
 "He's as fleet's the mountain roe,
 "Hardy as the Highland heather,
 "Wading through the winter snow,
 "Keeping ay his flock together;
 "But a plaid, wi' bare houghs,
 "He braves the bleakest nor'lan' blast.

"Brawly he can dance and sing
 "Canty glee, or Highland cronach;
 "Nane can ever match his fling
 "At a reel, or round a ring;
 "Wightly can he wield a rung,
 "In a brawl he's ay the bangster:
 "A' his praise can ne'er be sung
 "By the langest winded sangster.
 "Sangs that sing o' SANDIE,
 "Seem short, tho' they were e'er sae lang."

The Maid that tends the Goats. ²⁵

Andante

